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DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT KILLED BROOK FARM? AND WHO?

WE have received several replies to the article in which we charged the death of Brook Farm on Fourierism. For reasons which we deemed sufficient, such as the wish to avoid controversy, we have declined publishing them hitherto. But Mr. F. S. Cabot in the following letter claims the right to reply on the ground that we mentioned him as implicated in our charge. On this account, and also because his letter is moderate and respectful (which some of the others were not), we give place to it, and take occasion from it to restate our charge in such a manner as, we trust, will preclude the necessity of further debate:

"WHAT KILLED BROOK FARM.

"EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Under the above caption you say in No. 27 of your paper, 'We hold that Brook Farm was killed by Fourierism.' You mention me as one of those who aided and abetted the killing, and as I was in a position to know the facts, I trust you will allow me the space in which to state them. As they never were published, and as there was no *post mortem* or coroner's inquest, it is not strange that you should not know them.

"The original movement at Brook Farm was an attempt on the part of its founders to live a better life, one more in accordance with their ideas of right relations than they could do under the conditions of ordinary New England society. 'It owed nothing to Fourierism.' It was called the Brook Farm Institute of Education and Agriculture, and they expected to support themselves by cultivating the soil half the day, and proposed to devote themselves to study during the other half. The mere statement of this notion shows that they were unpractical enthusiasts, with little or no knowledge of the hard and continuous toil necessary to wring a living out of a farm of rather more than the average sterility of the neighborhood. A majority of the persons were transcendental individualists, with no sufficient bond of union among themselves, and with no devotion to the idea of establishing a *society*. They wanted to lead better lives as *individuals*, but for the most part they were not in any true sense Socialists.

"Miss Peabody was misled by her kindly sympathy when she wrote that 'at the end of nine months they had won a success.' In truth they did not make a money success; they never paid for their farm, nor did they ever cultivate it profitably. With such materials as they had they could not possibly support themselves by farming. They never had a 'capital of about thirty thousand dollars,' and so far from 'sunshine and prosperity having attended the enterprise' at the time 'they offered Brook Farm as the nucleus and

scene for a practical trial of Fourieristic Association in New England,' the movement had proved a pecuniary failure. In point of fact many of those taking part in the enterprise were unfitted both by nature and training for Associative life.

"Before this time Mr. Ripley and others had become interested in Socialism properly speaking, and believed that the principles set forth by Fourier were universal and true, and no more French, and no less American, than the truths of any other science. It no more occurred to them that Social Science was French because some of its laws were discovered by Fourier, than that the law of gravitation was English because pointed out by Newton.

"Now, for the first time, there was a body of persons who purposed what could properly be called Social Organization with a definite object. Some of them lived at Brook Farm, others near, and such was the enthusiasm caused by the Socialistic Revival then at its height, that they were willing to undertake the immense task without having the conditions which, when looking coolly at it, they would have known to be essential to success. They yielded to the temptation to take the fatal gift of Brook Farm and to make the effort to revive the dead. They received the bankrupt effects of the failed concern, and if it had been possible to retrieve its fortunes they would have done it. They worked nobly; the world will never know how devotedly and at what sacrifice; but the load was too heavy for them to carry, and the result was what, if they had been lookers on, they would have seen to be inevitable.

"It would express much more nearly the truth to say that Fourierism was killed by Brook Farm.

"I wish to say before closing, that although the Brook Farmers have been popularly called 'Fourierists' they never called themselves so, and they never blindly accepted Fourier as a Master. They believed that he was a great Social Seer and Thinker, and that he enunciated some of the most important truths of Social Science. They never thought that Brook Farm was what Fourier meant by a Phalanx, or that it was in any sense a test of the practicability of his ideas.

"The failure of the so-called Phalanxes no more proves the falsity of the Phalansterian doctrines, than a boy's failure to make a steamboat out of a shingle and an iron hoop proves that a 'Providence' or 'Bristol' can not be constructed of wood and iron.

"The truths in which we believed will yet be incarnated in men and women and manifested in life.

"Boston, May, 1877.

F. S. CABOT."

The sum and substance of Mr. Cabot's plea is that Brook Farm was feeble and insolvent before Fourierism took possession of it—*ergo*, Fourierism did not kill it. But suppose we should say of a man who died in the crisis of a fever, that the fever killed him; would it be any answer to show that he had a feeble constitution and was in poor health before he took the fever? We have never alleged or supposed that Brook Farm was originally a thoroughly robust Community, likely to live forever, and what we have said like that, we have quoted mainly from Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, Mr. Frothingham and the boasts of the *Harbinger*—and truth to tell, we might have quoted a great deal more in the same vein. We will now admit that Brook Farm was feeble and insolvent from the start, and was even on its last legs when the Fourierists commenced doctoring it. Still it is not unlikely, considering what we know about the doings of incompetent doctors, that it was killed by the medicine it took. We think it was. It went off quite suddenly; and our impression is that it might have lived at least as long as the Hopedale Community did, or might even have overcome its original insolvency and learned by experience the art of getting a living, as the Oneida Community did, if it had kept clear of the Fourierite medication. But this, of course, is a matter of individual judgment, as *post mortem* verdicts generally must be. Mr. Cabot thinks differently. Let us agree to disagree.

It is more important to get at some reliable conclusion as to the actual character of Fourierism as it was administered to Brook Farm. And happily we have Mr. Brisbane's own explicit testimony on this matter. In a letter from him published in our sixth No. (p. 45), we find this remarkable confession:

"When I began to write on Association in the *Tribune* my purpose was to present the abstract and universal principles

on which it should rest; but Greeley urged me so strongly to be *practical*, 'to keep within the limits of what could be popularly understood,' that I was persuaded to present only the industrial side of the subject, its economies, etc. The result was a rapid spread of these simple ideas without any understanding of laws and principles; and, I am sorry to add, the deluding of a vast number of people who rushed into Association with the little capital and science they then possessed. I have always reviewed that eventful period with regret."

Fourierism, then, as administered by Brisbane and Greeley, and as taken by Brook Farm, was certainly a superficiality and a delusion. What then is more likely than that it killed, not only Brook Farm, but all the Associations that had any thing to do with it? In fact this is implied in Mr. Brisbane's confession.

The answer to this will be that the superficiality and delusion was not really Fourierism. But it was called Fourierism by all concerned, and why should not we so call it? What is the use of disputing about names? It was something that Mr. Brisbane distilled from Fourierism; and however defective it may have been, it certainly contained one of the essential ingredients of Fourierism, *viz.*, *deadly enmity to Communism*. One of its maxims, as familiar as its formula about Attractions, was that "*Communism is the grave of Liberty*." This was enough to freeze the life out of Brook Farm; for it should be remembered that Brook Farm, as the child of Transcendentalism and the *Dial*, was originally related to Christianity and had even a secret affinity, or at least a liking, for Shakerism. We do not say that Brook Farm was Communistic in form (though it was always called the Roxbury Community in the *Dial*), but we do say that there were no signs of enmity to Pentecostism in its infancy, but the contrary, as the pages of the *Dial* abundantly testify.

This fundamental principle of Fourierism—enmity to Communism—with its companion-principle—exaltation of Competism—was, in our opinion, sufficient, not only to freeze Brook Farm to death, but to place Fourierism in irreconcilable antagonism to the fundamental principles of all true Socialisms.

Leaving now the preliminary question, *What killed Brook Farm?* we are disposed to push a little into the further question,

WHO KILLED BROOK FARM?

And, curiously, Mr. Brisbane's confession points to a startling answer. He lays the blame of the superficiality and delusion which he distilled from Fourierism and administered to Brook Farm, on the head of HORACE GREELEY!

Here is a new opening into History. Let us see where it leads.

Fourierism was imported into this country by Mr. Brisbane, who published his first exposition and commendation of Fourier's industrial system in 1840. Mr. Greeley had given some attention to the condition of the poor working people of New York city during the hard times of 1837-38. The result of his observations and ponderings was a series of articles in the *New Yorker*, in the winter of 1839-40, entitled, "What shall be done for the Laborer?" These articles attracted the attention of Mr. Brisbane, who had just returned from Paris with his freight of Fourierism, and brought the two men together in friendship and sympathy. Two years after, the columns of the *Tribune* were opened for the discussion and advocacy of Fourierism. Thus, while Brisbane was the importer of the Fourier enthusiasm, Horace Greeley became its responsible disseminator. Through the commanding agency of the *Tribune*, a journal then rising into national importance, Fourierism became an overwhelming epidemic. So great were Mr. Greeley's services in the cause that Brisbane publicly yielded him the first place. At the great Festival anniversary of Fourier's birthday, during the National Convention of Associationists in New York, 1844, he emphatically declared: "*Mr. Greeley has done for us what we never could have done. He has created the cause on this Continent! He has done the work of a century!*"

If these two averments of Mr. Brisbane are true, *viz.*,

first, that Mr. Greeley created the cause of Fourierism on this continent; and second, that he dictated the superficial wrong-end method of inculcating it which led to the delusions and disasters that followed it, then it is clear that Horace Greeley was the man who killed Brook Farm; for Brook Farm certainly was converted to Fourierism by the *Tribune*, and died of the Phalanx-mania which the *Tribune* brought upon the country.

This is a serious charge to bring against a man who was for the third of a century the great favorite among Socialists and progressives. It is Mr. Brisbane's charge—not ours; but, we confess it reminds us of facts in Mr. Greeley's career which chime with it curiously.

For instance, if instead of asking, Who killed Brook Farm? we should ask, Who was the principal beneficiary at its death? it seems to us that the answer would be, Horace Greeley. The genius of the principal men of Brook Farm—Ripley and Dana—passed from that enterprise into his service, and the downfall of Brook Farm was the uprising of the *Tribune*. We do not suppose there was any conscious plot that brought about this transfer; but there may have been a process, managed by Mr. Greeley, of rival attractions between Socialism and Literature, which unconsciously led to it.

The history of Margaret Fuller's relations to Brook Farm on the one hand, and to Horace Greeley and the *Tribune* on the other, are worth studying somewhat minutely in this connection. She was never a formal member of Brook Farm nor a full convert to Socialism. But she had edited the *Dial*, which was in a sense the mother of Brook Farm, having for her associates Mr. Ripley and Mr. Emerson. "She was," says Mr. Frothingham, "acquainted from the first with the experiment at Brook Farm; knew the founder of it; watched with genuine solicitude the inauguration of the scheme and its fortunes; talked over the principles and details of it with the leading spirits; visited the Community; examined for herself the working of the plan; gave her talent to the entertainment and edification of the associates; discerned with clear eye the distinctions between this experiment and those of European origin." W. H. Channing tells us: "While at heart sympathizing with the heroism that prompted the experiment at Brook Farm, in judgment she considered it premature. But true to her noble self, though regretting the seemingly gratuitous sacrifice of her friends, she gave them without stint the cheer of her encouragement and the light of her counsel. She visited them often; entering genially into their trials and pleasures, and missing no chance to drop good seed in every furrow upturned by the plowshare or softened by the rain. In the secluded yet intensely animated circle of these co-workers I frequently met her during several succeeding years, and rejoice to bear testimony to the justice, magnanimity, wisdom, patience, and many-sided good-will that governed every thought and deed." From this work of encouraging and aiding the birth and nursing of a new and better American Social life, Horace Greeley called her away to become a literary idol in the *Tribune*; from which she sunk into the Italian revolution, into marriage and into the Atlantic ocean.

Very curiously this withdrawal of Margaret Fuller from Boston and Brook Farm was nearly coincident with the conversion of Brook Farm to Fourierism. Both occurred in 1844. Margaret had but little sympathy with Fourierism itself. In the *Dial* she had expressed grave doubts of its practicability or its desirableness as a substitute for Christianity. "Though pleased in listening to sanguine visions of the future," says Channing, "she was slow to credit that an organization by 'Groups and Series' would yield due incentive for personal development, while insuring equilibrium through exact and universal justice. She felt, too, that society was not a machine to be put together and set in motion, but a living body, whose breath must be divine inspiration, and whose healthful growth is hindered only by forcing." It would seem from this that as Brook Farm became more and more Fourieristic, Margaret's interest in it declined; till finally on its full conversion, she was ready to turn all her energies and interests in another direction. Horace Greeley stood ready to absorb her and make her the glory of the *Tribune*, an object that was always paramount with him to all other interests.

We may pertinently quote here the following *post mortem* observations from the History of American Socialisms, as throwing a general light on the scene in which Horace Greeley and the *Tribune* are thus specially conspicuous:

"If we might suggest a transcendental reason for the failure of Brook Farm, we should say that it had naturally a delicate constitution, that was liable to be shattered by disasters and sympathies; and the causes of this weakness must

be sought for in the character of the afflatus that organized it. The Transcendental afflatus, like that of Pentecost, had in it two elements, viz., Communism and 'the gift of tongues;' or in other words, the tendency to religious and social unity, represented by Channing and Ripley; and the tendency to literature, represented by Emerson and Margaret Fuller. But the proportion of these elements was different from that of Pentecost. The tendency to utterance was the strongest. Emerson prevailed over Channing even in Brook Farm; nay, in Channing himself, and in Ripley, Dana and all the rest of the Brook Farm leaders. In fact they went over from practical Communism to literary utterance when they assumed the propagandism of Fourierism; and utterance has been their vocation ever since. A similar phenomenon occurred in the history of the great literary trio of England, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey. Their original afflatus carried them to the verge of Communism; but 'their gift of tongues' prevailed and spoiled them."—pp. 561-2.

Emerson tells the following curious story about the preliminary plotting that led to Brook Farm:

"In the year 1840 Dr. Channing took counsel with Mr. George Ripley on the point if it were possible to bring cultivated and thoughtful people together and make a society that deserved the name. He early talked with Dr. John Collins Warren on the same thing, who admitted the wisdom of the purpose, and undertook to make the experiment. Dr. Channing repaired to his house with these thoughts; he found a well-chosen assembly of gentlemen; mutual greetings and introductions and chattings all round; and he was in the way of introducing the general purpose of the conversation, when a side door opened, the whole company streamed out to an oyster supper with good wines, and so ended that attempt in Boston!"

This story seems to us typical of the entire history of Brook Farm. Ripley and his associates came together, there were mutual introductions and chattings, and some experimenting and theorizing; when suddenly a side door opened to another entertainment. The oyster supper and good wines to which the Brook-Farmers streamed out were the luxuries and prizes of the *Tribune* and popular literature, and the man who opened the side door was Horace Greeley.

PRACTICAL CO-OPERATION.

Industrial Home, Springfield, Vt., May 20, '77.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—An experiment of nearly three years' duration, with a Coöperative Association that furnishes its members with employment at reasonable wages, and a Unitary Home where they can live well, enjoy the society of moral and agreeable associates and be happy, at a very moderate expense, has convinced me that such Associations can be made of great practical value to the better and more advanced class of young working people; and that they may be rapidly extended so as to improve all branches of manufacturing and agriculture. I am also convinced that the capital required to do this can be saved from the wages of the members of the Association by means of the advantages which it brings them; as it will greatly reduce the cost of living and increase their income by giving constant employment, thus saving the time and money now expended in looking for it and wasted in idleness.

Our experience proves that an ordinary working man and his wife, in such an Association as ours, can earn about \$800 a year, and that their board in a Unitary Home will cost them \$500 a year, their clothing about \$125 per year, and their incidental expenses \$50; making the total cost of living in such a home as ours \$525 for each couple, and leaving them a surplus income of \$275 per annum, which they can invest in the business of the Association. This amount saved each year will at the end of ten years amount to \$3,916, provided their investment pays six per cent. per annum. A capital of about \$1,500 is required with each couple in the outset to provide a dwelling, furniture, garden, factory, machinery, materials, provisions, etc., and commence a business that will furnish all the members with work.

If an association of fifty couples was formed in the outset and each contributed a capital of \$1,500, making a total capital of \$75,000, and added their savings and dividends to the original capital, the dividend being six per cent. per annum, and if they admitted another couple to the Association without capital as often as they added \$1,500 to the capital of the Association from their savings and dividends, they would in ten years have increased their capital to \$530,000, and the number of their members to 766. In twenty years their capital would be \$3,710,000, and the number of members 5,012, and so on.

The great difficulty about accomplishing such a re-

sult as this, and providing all the idle who are worthy with employment and a home where they may be free from want or anxiety, consists in obtaining the original capital to start with, and the primary organization of earnest, capable members, willing to devote themselves to the work of building up such an institution and wait for their reward until assured success shall bring it.

We have spent nearly three years in starting, improving and trying to build up such an Association, and have met with all the difficulties that usually attend new enterprises that are started with a limited capital; but we still live, and have thirty working members, most of them young, earnest and capable, with the control of sufficient capital to furnish them with employment and a home, where they are able and willing to make the amount of saving on which the foregoing calculations are based. And we have room and a hearty welcome for more of the right sort, who can furnish the means necessary to provide themselves with a business in our Association.

We feel confident that the Association has taken root to such a depth that it will continue to grow, if not as rapidly as the figures given would indicate, at least with sufficient vigor to prove that intelligent, industrious working people with coöperative association in their homes and business, are masters of the situation, and can provide themselves with employment, a home, and the means to make themselves comfortable and happy, without the aid of any capital except that which they possess in their skill, strength and willingness to work. They need not wait until their life has been spent in want and care before they possess such a home, but may take possession at once.

Yours truly,

JOEL A. H. ELLIS.

ICARIA.

BY A. SAUVA, PRESIDENT.

II.

We will, some day, relate the enthusiasm, devotedness and abnegation which the Icarians showed under such circumstances. No doubt it will be an interesting page to write, and the reader's mind will be divided between astonishment and admiration.

We will simply say, that never any Socialist school showed itself more worthy of its mission; that owing to the zeal of its disciples, the perseverance of the leader, and the truth of the principles, an unprecedented propagandism organized, in a short time, the most imposing Socialistic movement. It soon became a cause of inquietude and suspicion to the wealthy class. Then commenced the numerous persecutions which the Icarians underwent.

The aristocratic press and tribune, low literature, government, priesthood, police, magistracy, in short all the organs of aristocracy fell upon the new-comer.

They were tracked, harassed, half ruined by fines, intimidated by imprisonment, discredited by insult and calumny.

Suits were brought against them in every town where a number of Communists could be found. In Tours, Blois, Paris, Lyons, Toulouse, Saint Etienne, Rives-de-Gier, Saint Quentin, and every-where. The Icarian school had become the target on which the Vilmessans, Jules Favres, Dupanloup and Jules Simons of that time, tried their skill.

But the effect of these persecutions was to increase the number of the Icarian Communists.

In 1847 they numbered hundreds of thousands. Propagandism had spread itself every-where: In France, Switzerland, Spain, Germany, England, and even as far as South America. It was about that time that Cabet thought it not enough to make a mere theoretical propagandism of his principles.

He thought a practical demonstration of his plan of Community would have a great influence over the people. He made up his mind to undertake it, although a few years previous he had expressed the idea that any attempt to establish Community on a small scale would be a failure.

He made preparations for the settlement of a large Communistic Colony in the United States.

He selected Texas for that purpose. He secured one million of acres of land in that State, and in his sixth number of the *Populaire*, May 9th, 1847, under the heading of "Great Confidence," he made a call upon his followers to go with him and establish Icaria. The effect produced by this "Great Confidence" was indescribable. Thousands of congratulations came to him from all parts of the country. The whole press was aroused by that call.

His scheme of emigration became the topic for all the journalists. Some supported it, others denounced or

ridiculed it, but those who were in favor of it were the most numerous.

From all parts he received offers of information, advice, money, fire-arms, and agricultural implements.

Thousands of Icarians claimed the honor of being the first colonists. Assisted by a committee appointed by the Paris Icarians, Cabet took all the necessary measures, made all the preparations, selected sixty-nine of his most devoted disciples, all young and stout men, able to stand the fatigues and privations which awaited them; and on the 3d of February, 1848, this first van-guard left France, sailed for the United States, carrying with them the best wishes and encouragements of hundreds of thousands of Communists. How strange is destiny! Three weeks later, the departure of the first Icarians for America would probably not have taken place; and the realization of Icaria would probably be yet future. Neither Cabet nor his school had foreseen that twenty-one days after the departure of the first van-guard the Republic would be proclaimed in Paris.

The revolution which took place on the 24th of February was the first, and according to our notion, the most dreadful check experienced by the Icarian undertaking. The Icarian school, who had been so well united until that time, commenced to be divided. Some were in favor of recalling the first departure, of giving up the idea of emigration, and of devoting themselves exclusively to the success of the new republic. Others, with a better appreciation of the events, sided with Cabet, and were willing to continue the work, foreseeing that nothing good could be expected from a revolution at the head of which were such men as Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Marie, Marrast and other republicans of that shade, whose hostility against all social reforms was notorious. But the first blow was struck, the union was broken. Cabet himself was hesitating between two preoccupations which neutralized his energy. It was for him a terrible moment. In the meanwhile the advance-guard, arriving at New Orleans toward the end of March, learned to their great stupefaction that a Republic was proclaimed in France. The most bitter regrets manifested themselves among them. The motion of returning to France was made, but it did not prevail, and the pioneers of the great Icarian Community proceeded toward the place selected for their settlement.

Toward the month of June, 1848, they laid the foundations of the Icarian Colony in Fanin Co., Texas.

They built a few miserable huts, undertook to break prairie, but soon after they were stopped in their work by the malaria, which assailed and demoralized them, deprived them of the only physician they had, Doctor Roveira, who became insane, besides five of their number who died; and the others were compelled to abandon the place.

This abandonment was a bitter disappointment to the first van-guard, and it was not without regret that they made up their minds to retreat. They left on the place five of their brethren: Guillot, Collet, Guérin, Chauvin and Saugé. They started back toward Shreveport and New Orleans, where they hoped to meet other Icarians who were coming to join them. There stood before them a distance of from three to five hundred miles to travel through a lonely country, without any resources, and laboring under sickness. The retreat from Texas was one of the most saddening events in the Icarian enterprise. For fear of not finding on the same route the necessary supplies for such a company, the Icarians divided themselves into three equal squads, and dragged themselves toward their rendezvous. These squads disbanded themselves on the road; sickness prevented several from following their friends. Four of them died from exertion and privations: these were Lévy, Barroux, Bersan and Nicaud. The remains of this first van-guard, together with a few members of the second van-guard whom they met on the road, arrived, one after the other, at New Orleans, toward the end of 1848.

(To be continued.)

A MODEST APPEAL.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—As a reader of your paper and a former Communist, I feel myself, though unknown, yet related to you to an extent that may justify the liberty I take to address you these lines. I have lived nearly eight years, till May 1876, in a Shaker Community. I have been all my life a stammerer. It has weighed like a terrible Alp on me, stunted and crippled me in every direction. Having come in possession of a little money by inheritance in my native country, Germany, and reading in a paper about an institution in

New York for curing such impediments, I determined to make another trial for deliverance, after many unsuccessful attempts in former years; and to that end left the Shakers. I wanted to remain in connection with them and return afterwards, but this could not be done, although a friendly leave and occasional correspondence with my former elder took place. In New York I commenced a treatment, but found I was in the hands of an ignorant quack. I tried successively the assistance of four or five different persons engaged in this branch of business, that of making money by speculating on human misery, of ignorance teaching the ignorant. Some were honest and ignorant, some were dishonest and ignorant. In this way I spent a year of time and about \$1,500 of money. But the expenditure was not wasted, though I might have saved part of it. I learned by error and moved onward in spiral lines. By gleaning the kernels of grain from bushels of chaff, by reading every thing I could find that had been written on this subject by learned and unlearned men, by comparing it with the positive statements of science in physiology, by exercising and experimenting on myself, I groped my way out of darkness into comparative light; so that I believe I now understand the subject fully, though in my personal case it is yet questionable how far I shall succeed in overcoming the soul impressions of forty years of a stammerer's life, its oceans of mortification and distress, diffidence and self-distrust, moral weakness and helpless apathy; besides the untrained, undisciplined way of thinking of a stammerer's mind, not habituated to shape and substantiate his thoughts in speech, and being troubled besides by a bushel of thoughts for every pint of words he wants to utter.

However, so far so good; and although my imagination sometimes tries to make a fool of me, when it pictures me going through the land a public speaker, curing the stammerer and lecturing on temperance and vegetarian diet, yet in sober condition of mind I hope I may yet gain a full control of speech, so as to become a useful man. But I must stop and apologize for trying your patience by talking so much about myself to a stranger. But the fact is, I think of the stranger as a teacher and friend, and feel somewhat as if I were writing to a kind elder.

This is the object of my letter: First, Do you or any of your co-workers understand German? In that case I want to send you a German pamphlet, "Ideas for Social Reform," by Ed. Baltzer. I have a very high opinion of its author, and I think extracts from the pamphlet, though not of a directly Socialistic tendency, would furnish valuable contributions to your paper, and better nutriment than Mr. Brisbane's speculations. Such analytic investigations have their value, if right in themselves, so far as they go, as contributions to abstract science, but are never directly creative. One can not nourish and build up an organism by formulas.

I think that in general the mistake of science in our day is in its too analytic character. From its former opposite extreme of being only synthetic, deductive, it has oscillated to the present extreme of being only inductive, analytic; and I must say I think the present wrong position as great a hindrance to perceiving truth as the former. The scientific men of the present, at least many of them, find themselves somewhat in the situation indicated by the German proverb, "they can not see the forest on account of the many trees." True science must proceed in both directions, it must be first deductive and start from general principles, then inductive, and analyze by taking the object of examination into parts, then—and this is the most important part of the process—put the parts again together by synthesis. Those only are great men who combine these two faculties. The mere analytic investigators are useful, but only as helpers and journeymen. Liebig was so great and productive, because his synthetic grasp was as powerful as his analytic powers were sharp and discerning. That reminds me of the irrational method of some elocutionists, who want to teach speaking by separating the consonants from vowel-sounds in a, b-a, p-a, whereas every baby knows better and begins with ma—ba—pa. The consonant being originally nothing but the way of beginning or closing a vocal sound, therefore in practice it is not to be separated from it. But I will stop, or must expect my whole missive to wander into the waste-basket unread.

The second object of my letter is: I think that I might perhaps qualify myself for writing for papers and thus gain a useful and productive occupation. But I need exercise, study and before all, criticism; sharp unsparing criticism. I can think, and have some ideas that will bear examination, but the expression is too

heavy, the imperfect knowledge and use of language imposes restraints; a certain German proclivity to generalize and stray off into the infinite and the unconscious bothers me; besides, my education is very poor and fragmentary, I never having passed through a systematic course of scientific study. I must be more terse and condensed and learn to confine myself to the given subject. I ask if occasional contributions to your paper would be acceptable. I want them criticized and squeezed into any mold you think convenient. I do not presume they would be worth paying for to you at present, but I would be thankful to hear from you what your opinion is about it. Closing this letter, I hope for a kind answer, and am

Respectfully, JULIUS ASMAN.

139 East 26-st., New York, May 26, 1877.

[We do not discover in this letter any indications of what the writer calls the "untrained, undisciplined way of thinking of a stammerer's mind." He writes very good English for a German, and his thoughts are clear. We would be pleased to have Mr. Asman write for us, and think it probable that some of our exchanges will appreciate his communications.—ED. AM. SO.]

THE ETHNOLOGICAL ELLIPSE.

[It is always refreshing to touch a mind given to universal thought, whether its conclusions are entirely lucid and satisfactory or not. The writer of the following article accompanied it with an apologetic note which it is due perhaps we should present:]

"Cambridge, Mass., May 19, 1877.

"EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—In sending the inclosed article I do so with great diffidence as I am not much of a penman as you can see. As for my presumption in forming an original theory in regard to the mode of progress of the race, I must attribute it in great measure to my profession as an artist and sculptor, with some knowledge of architecture and drawing, and a careful investigation of the illustrated works to be found in Boston and Harvard Libraries.

"Respectfully Yours, THOMAS A. CAREW."

The most recent discoveries in Geology teach us that the Northern part of this Continent is the oldest portion of the earth, and in the investigation of all the records of man and his progress from the savage to the civilized state, we are led to think that he commenced his existence here and migrated southward, his reasoning faculty developing in his advance, till we find him in Mexico and Peru semi-civilized. Passing over to Africa [by the land connection once supposed to exist between South America and that continent], from thence to India, China and Egypt, he has returned through Europe to the northern part of this continent again, bringing with him all the accumulated fruits of civilization developed in the ages of his progress. If we follow him in this geographical ellipse we shall be able to account for his changes in physiology by the changes in climate, and we shall find abundant traces of his progressive development and improvement. For information I refer the reader to the latest theories on the Glacial Period by Agassiz and others, Stevenson's and Youngstorm's travels in Central America, Prescott's "Mexico and Peru," also Squier's later work on the same subject, and their comparison of the sculptures, inscriptions and architecture of the Mexicans and Peruvians with the earliest forms to be found in India and China.

In Egypt we find traces of all the industrial results of human progress organized and systematized both in letters and in laws. We find there the germs of European civilization. The Egyptians were the true school-masters of the human race. They handed down to man a system for all time, recognizing reason as the divine element of the soul, and reverencing it wherever found.

Let us suppose this continent is to be again the place of departure for a new ellipse—after hundreds of thousands if not millions of years in which the reason and intelligence of man has been developing—with this advantage at the start and the aid of steam and electricity, what must be the ratio of progress that may be expected!

No reflecting mind can recognize present civilization as the highest state for man on earth. We see the struggling, seething masses of human beings in Africa, India, China, Europe and this country, the most civilized as well as the savage, through all past ages and at the present time, each and all seeking individual development, without regard to, and generally at the sacrifice of, the welfare of their fellows. But from this antagonistic development has evolved all the labor-saving machinery for man's unity in the future, and the time has come for him to recognize and obey the precept handed down from the vast ages of the past, through sages, seers, poets, prophets, Christ and his

apostles, "Do unto others as you wish to be done by." To obey this precept is the mission of the highest intelligence of to-day. Civilization in its present stage is but the intermediate school in man's progress.

Looking around us we find every thing ready to our hand for the higher stage of unity. See the power of steam in the loom, the anvil, the press and the plow. See the action of electricity. Then look at the vast areas of virgin soil throughout the west of this continent with no slaves, no serfs willing to call another master, to till it. Must it not be done by the power of steam? And where is the single individual that can own and employ all the steam machinery for agriculture that is to be used in future?

Has not the time come to put in practice that other precept, Love your neighbor as yourself? We know that we can not fulfill the precepts of the divine law of Christ and his apostles in this civilization and *live*, for it is based on individual antagonistic competition. Again, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." Is there not room, opportunity and enlightenment to put in practice these divine precepts on this vast continent? Every thing tends to show that it is here man is to commence that new ellipse of the community and brotherhood of the race. We see the germs of that new order already planted in detached portions all along the continent from Maine to Oregon. (See Nordhoff.)

T. A. C.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1877.

MALTHUS AND OWEN.

THE celebrated author of the "dismal science," called from him the "Malthusian doctrine,"—which teaches that Communism and the Millennium are impossible, because in a state of comfort the human race inevitably breeds faster than it produces subsistence—was a contemporary of Robert Owen, and in his great work on "Population" criticised Owen's views. In the introduction to his criticism he speaks of the great Communist thus:

"A gentleman, for whom I have a very sincere respect, Mr. Owen of Lanark, has lately published a work entitled *A New View of Society*, which is intended to prepare the public mind for the introduction of a system involving a community of labor and of goods. * * *

"Mr. Owen is, I believe, a man of real benevolence, who has done much good; and every friend to humanity must heartily wish him success in his endeavors to procure an Act of Parliament for limiting the hours of working among the children in the cotton manufactories, and preventing them from being employed at too early an age. He is further entitled to great attention on all subjects relating to education, from the experience and knowledge which he must have gained in an intercourse of many years with two thousand manufacturers, and from the success which is said to have resulted from his modes of management. A theory professed to be founded on such experience is no doubt worthy of much more consideration than one formed in a closet."

It is curious to see in the collision between these famous men of long ago, a phase of the very same battle that is now in progress between Socialism and Despair. Malthus' criticism of Owen is summed up in the following paragraph:

"The natural check to early marriages arising from a view of the difficulty attending the support of a large family operates very widely throughout all classes of society in every civilized state, and may be expected to be still more effective, as the lower classes of people continue to improve in knowledge and prudence. But the operation of this natural check depends exclusively upon the existence of the laws of property, and succession; and in a state of equality and community of property could only be replaced by some artificial regulation of a very different stamp, and a much more unnatural character. Of this Mr. Owen is fully sensible, and has in consequence taxed his ingenuity to the utmost to invent some mode by which the difficulties arising from the progress of population could be got rid of, in the state of society to which he looks forward. His absolute inability to suggest any mode of accomplishing this object that is not unnatural, immoral, or cruel in a high degree, together with the same want of success in every other person, ancient or modern, who has made a similar attempt, seem to show that the argument against systems of equality founded on the principle of population does not admit of a plausible answer, even in theory."

Owen had no answer to Malthus because the study of ways and means of voluntary control over propagation had then hardly begun. In the next generation Robert

Dale Owen attacked that problem with some success in his *Moral Physiology*. At the present day Male Continnence promises to effectually outflank Malthus and finish the battle.

ELEMENTARY COMMUNISM.

ONE of our correspondents, an old disciple of Robert Owen, writing from London, England, proposes for our consideration a large scheme in organizing new Communities. He says:

"I have some intention to advocate the formation of a society for preparing Coöperators to join new Communities forming in America. You might be useful in this direction in giving advice and direction so as to prevent imposition and misdirection. I think there are many young men who might be induced to go out under the auspices of friends here and others to meet them on their arrival. Land is cheap with you and labor is abundant here. All that is requisite is passage money and twelve months' sustenance secured to a duly qualified candidate. Funds must be raised by the candidates, who should be members of Coöperative Stores for six or twelve months before being eligible for candidateship. * * * If the above plan can be realized and you form a kind of local adviser we could, in a short time, connect the Coöperators of the Old World with the Socialists of the New, so that we might effect a complete revolution in the system of emigration, sending over willing hands to Homes already prepared for them, the whole expense being provided by the members thereby benefited. Land here is too costly. Land with you is easily obtained, and the passage by steamers would soon be accepted if safe guidance were rendered on arrival."

The tenor of this letter shows that when the time is ripe for a general movement for forming new Communities our English friends will not be slow to respond. The writer is a man well along in years, yet he shows the same courage and readiness to engage in executing large plans that made Mr. Owen so powerful till the day of his death. But we do not think the time is yet fully ripe for such a general movement. We have not studied sufficiently the practical plans for leading people up from simple Coöperation to full Communism in enlarged homes. None of the now existing Communities are prepared to receive large accessions of new members unless it be the Shakers, and their celibacy would be an objection. It will probably be found necessary to develop some new and modified form of Communism, such that large numbers of isolated families can come together into a common Home, with as little jar and friction as possible. Exactly what plan would be best for that purpose we are not prepared to say. That is what many people are waiting to know. It will not pay to hurry into any unstudied plans. The founders of the Oneida Community studied the principles of Communism for twelve years before they assembled at Oneida. What is the form of elementary Communism best suited to a general movement in which thousands of inexperienced persons can engage at once? That is a question to consider before replying to our English friend.

NATIONAL UNSELFISHNESS.

SPEAKING of competitive trade, two or three weeks ago, we said, "Its bad features operate on nations to make them hard-hearted and remorseless, just as they do on individuals." This is a manifest truth, we should say, because the moving force of competitive trade is selfishness, and, as a matter of course, a nation aggregates the selfishness of its people. But it is only a half-truth after all, that is, it represents only one side of the intercourse between nations—the bad side—the side we should be glad to ignore. The other side is the good side, and that we should be glad to have every body appreciate. Who knows but that the good side is already stronger than the bad side, and is constantly making inroads upon it, and molding and modifying it in a thousand ways.

Coöperation, that is the word, is the good side of the intercourse between nations. Coöperation has its origin in a feeling that is almost universal—a feeling deeper and stronger than selfishness, patriotism or national pride—a feeling of brotherhood on the large scale—international brotherhood should we not call it in this case?—a feeling which at this moment is operating among all enlightened peoples, with a force as constant and tremendous as the tidal wave. Sometime it will find unobstructed scope and expression.

Recall the instances in which this feeling has asserted its supremacy, and maintained it too, if you want to form an idea of what it is going to do by and by. Think of the international congresses it has called into

being in the last two hundred years, and the work they have done. You may begin with the first considerable one in European history—the Congress of Münster and Osnabrück which was organized in 1644, and did not cease its labors until it had concluded the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. Well, there were five more such congresses during the next century, ending with that of Aix la Chapelle in 1748. How many, think you, in the hundred years succeeding? Twice as many! Twelve important ones, including the Congress of Paris—1782–3—which ended the war of the American Revolution, and the Congress of Ghent—1814—which terminated the war of 1812. Here we have a thermometer which marks the rate at which this feeling of international brotherhood is warming.

Now recall what science has done, is planning and doing in its behalf: The Ocean Telegraphs; the World's Fairs; the Arctic Explorations; the Suez Canal; the Mont Cenis Tunnel; the project of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien; the project to regenerate Africa by opening obstructing barriers and letting the ocean take possession of that enormous basin of dry sand, the Desert of Sahara; and so on.

Now, other facts: Think of the American banker, Peabody, building houses in London for the London poor! Think of the Missionary work that has been done, and is doing, in all lands! Think of starving Ireland, relieved by ship-loads of provisions from sympathetic America! There is really no end to the manifestations of this feeling of international brotherhood; books might be written tracing and illustrating its growth and potency; and one needn't knit his brows and try to look through the ceiling in order to discover what it all means. The thing signified is clear as day. In spite of all counteracting and stupor-working influences, nations as well as individuals are slowly awaking to the truth, that the longing to do your neighbor good is the only never-failing source of human blessing and noble achievement. Coöperation is the budding of this desire, and Communism its fruiting.

RUMOR EXACTIFIED.

The Oneida Union (quoted by the *Utica Herald*), says:

"It is reported that the Wallingford (Ct.) branch of Oneida Community recently had a litigation with some of its neighbors down in the 'land of steady habits,' in which the court gave judgment against it, and that its members in consequence have been obliged to return to the parental roof of the O. C. We give the rumor for what it is worth, having no positive knowledge of the circumstances."

Our knowledge of the circumstances enables us to say that this rumor has a basis of two facts corresponding nearly to the two which it states, but that there is no such connection between the two facts as it suggests. In other words, it is true that the Wallingford Community in a dispute about a water privilege, was required last year by a referee (not a court) to lower its dam and pay damages to the amount of \$1,600, which it has done; it is also true that a large part of the Wallingford family is about to return to Oneida for the present; but it is *not* true that this return is in consequence of the loss in that dispute. The cause of the return is the fact that the general depression of business has reduced the demand for printer's work among Connecticut manufacturers so that there is not employment for the usual number at that branch, and the flexibility of Communism enables them to go home where their help is wanted. At the same time a new branch of business—the manufacture of silk organzine—has just been commenced at Wallingford with fair prospects, which will keep a small family there till better times.

A DILEMMA.

PROF. GARDNER, a celebrity otherwise known as the "soap man," returning from some place south on the Midland to his head-quarters at Syracuse, hears the breakman call out, Oneida Community! and seeing the buildings and grounds of this institution, has his Yankee curiosity excited, and hastily arranging with the conductor to take care of his baggage gets off and stays over a train. After dinner he graciously offers to deliver his Temperance Lecture in the Community Hall. The family assemble, not without smiling at the idea, as they are tee-totalers to the length of excluding spirits of every kind from their medicine chest even; but they are not loath to be entertained and the occasion seems to promise that. The Professor appreciates the situation, and says in rising that he is embarrassed, but never mind; he will go through the whole performance exactly as if he were addressing the promiscuous assem-

bly of a village, which he does. His extraordinary grimacing and attitudinizing, as well as the humor of his discourse, afford many a laugh, and his statistics of the liquor traffic and description of its consequences are graphic and instructive. The "grog-shops in this country placed twenty feet apart, would line a street both sides over two hundred miles long. The license they have is a license to fill our prisons and poor-houses and hospitals and asylums of every kind with nine-tenths of their wretched dwellers; it is a license to curse the land with crimes and casualties, to desolate homes and make a hell on earth." Think of licensing grog-shops and suppressing Communities!

To carry out his programme, half in earnest half in jest, as soon as he is done speaking the Professor descends from the stage, and borrowing a hat proceeds to pass it round. He has no entrance-fee but depends on the sympathy of his audience. Here is a dilemma! The good people have not forgotten their pocket-money on purpose—they *have none*; that is to say, only their business men carry it habitually. How awkward! But Mr. H. has the presence of mind to step forward and remind the gentleman of this Community peculiarity, promising he shall have a purse made up presently in the office. Upon that the lecturer leaps upon the stage again, and stretching his arms to their entire length, and swelling his majestic form to its full size, exclaims, "That is best of all." He has said some pleasant things about the illustration before his eyes of the blessings of Temperance (a "soap man" should know how to say pleasant things), but this is "best of all," the way the Community hold money.

CHRISTIANITY IS COMMUNISM.

THIS proposition lately made in the SOCIALIST is capable of infinite argument and demonstration, but I have taken it for the heading to only one simple thought, which is that Christ must have had a Community in his mind when he said, "There is no man that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundred-fold now in this time, houses and brethren and sisters and mothers and children and lands." It is not to be supposed that he meant by leaving these things we should literally run away from them, flee from them as Pilgrim did from the city of Destruction. He meant we should renounce private ownership and exclusive relationship. He meant we should do what the disciples did on the day of Pentecost, when they put all together and no man said that ought of the things which he possessed was his own. Then it follows naturally that we shall have the hundred-fold reward. The economies of Communism and the brotherhood of Communism make the hundred-fold reward. Leaving all for Christ's sake is Communism, and the blessings of Communism are the reward. We see no other rational interpretation of this passage, and who has ever seen it practically realized except in a Community? There is one Community at least where membership means leaving all for Christ and the gospel's sake, and where the promise of "a hundred-fold now in this time" is literally fulfilled.

R.

ECONOMIES OF COMMUNISM.

IV.

DISTRIBUTION.

UNDER the selfish, "grab-game" rule of ordinary society, property of all kinds is very unequally distributed. On the one hand we see a class burdened with the cares, and enduring the *ennui* of redundancy; on the other hand a class in the depths of misery and want. Between these two is a middle class, supplied with the necessities and some of the luxuries of life, yet for all that—such are the contingencies to be expected in competitive society—never free from the fear of future want. Even the richest class can not be *sure* of comfort and care in their old age. Terrible reverses in fortune are not so very rare. Assurance that the gaunt wolf of poverty will never haunt the doorway can never be surely had except under the rule of Communism, where the abundance of the fortunate is a supply for the wants of the needy. Such inequality of distribution as now rules is also very uneconomical of the world's productions. As is evident, it takes much more production to supply a given population where there is unequal distribution, and its consequent hoarding and waste.

ECONOMY OF ROOM.

In a Community there must of course be as many private rooms as in ordinary homes, but there is great economy in room used for such purposes as libraries, parlors, sitting-rooms, etc., etc. We have heard a good deal said in ridicule of the common practice in private

houses, of having one room of state, a parlor furnished in the best style its owners can afford, which is kept shut up nine-tenths of the time, and is ever damp and cold, the opposite of all that is homey and cozy. It is to be presumed that there are enough such ornamental rooms to shelter all the homeless ones now wandering about the earth. Here is a ridiculous waste born of selfishness and isolation. The world will sometime find that it can enlarge its *homes* much faster than it need to enlarge its *houses*. But this is an economy that comes with Communism.

Associationists have found by experience that the ordinary dwelling-houses of well-to-do people, if turned into Community mansions, will hold many more persons than they were originally supposed to be capable of accommodating. The uninitiated are inclined to think that for such a new organization of society as Communism there should be introduced an entirely new order of architecture, as well as a different internal arrangement of the buildings. But really neither of these is necessary. Communism is a more simple, homey, sensible affair than many are willing to believe. It is not always the *houses* that need enlarging, but the *hearts*. The matter of the convenient and commodious arrangements of dwelling-houses has long been the study of professional architects. We have inspected the plans of many urban, suburban and country villas by eminent architects, and found that with very trifling changes they would make splendid Community mansions, accommodating a hundred Communists where before had lived half-a-dozen people with their servants and occasional guests.

Here is a hint at some of the possible advantages of associative life, which might be called

ECONOMY OF DISSIPATION AND VANITY.

"One economy to be gained by associative life is the privilege of attending meetings, lectures, concerts, theatricals, etc., without going abroad, or even from under the roof of the common dwelling. A commodious hall, centrally situated in the Community dwelling, answers all the purposes for which two or three costly edifices are ordinarily required in cities and villages. As a consequence of this arrangement much wear and tear of expensive clothing is saved. A Community family have no need to array themselves in costly attire to attend meetings, lectures, etc., held within their own walls. Thus, not only a great expense of money is saved, but, what is more valuable, a vast amount of time and attention, by the freedom which Community fashion allows in wearing plain and simple every-day costume on all occasions.

H. W."

RALF TODD "SPEKES RITE OUT."

Summerville, Mass., May 24, 1877.

DEAR EDITOR:—I ain't got much book larnin'; but I'm a natral born Soshalist, and when I reed your paper it jist sturs me up like emtins, and makes me hankur to speke rite out, and tell the hole wurd whot fools thay be to live az thay do, eech a-grabbin' awl he can git, and pilin' it up when he mite be a thousan' times blessider if he wood jine with others, and awl live like bruthers. Whot wood be thought of a farmur who shood pile up mannure onto hiz land in hepes, and spend hiz life in wachin' 'em? The good of mannure iz in spreddin' it, and the good of munny iz in spreddin' it, not in byin' things our nabors can't git, nor in makin' a grate prade with fine cloze and hosses when we go to meetin', but by sharin' whot we have with others whot hav'nt got so much.

This pilin' up, Mistur Editur, iz the grate cauz of the mizury of the wurd. Why don't we have Antypilin' up sostiety started awl over the land? Tork 'bout munnyopolysts; why iz'nt every man who piles up more munny than he nedes, and every man who haz more land than he can kultivate, and more houzes and barnes and hosses, and cattel than he can use, a munnyopolyst? There are big munnyopolysts and little wuns, and the only diffurrence I see 'tween 'em iz, that wun haz mor'n annuther 'caus he'z bin abul to git more. The little munnyopolyst iz jist the same in hart az the big wun.

Soshalizm iz the only thing whot can swepe away awl munnyopolysts; and so I say, Hurraw for Soshalizm! But then I ain't like those whot iz goin' to make awl men Soshalists without askin' 'em wether they want to be or not, *knollins vollins*. I bleeve in makin' these munnyopolysts, big and little, see that thay are fools and ignyramusses in livin' az thay do, by showin' 'em how much better orf thay'll be in this wurd and tother if thay jist open thayr bowwels, and let the good angil of brotherhood wark rite in and dwell thare. I bleeve in showin' 'em that the grabbin' prinsipul blongs to the low chympanzy state of existunce, and that thay mite

as wall go on all fores and done with it az to do az the chympanzys do, or worse, for chympanzys never lay by stores that thay can never want nor yuze; and I bleeve in konvincin' 'em thay must evvylute out of the chympanzy state jist az the chympanzy hizself haz evvyluted out of poorer munkys; and that thay must kepe on evvylutin' and evvylutin', until they reech a state of manhud so nobul that thay will dispize awl munny trycks, and eech wun love hiz nabur az hizself. I'm not such a sympulton myself az to think 'twill do enny good for a humon being whot iz a munny to make bleeve he izn't a munny. He'll be a munny till he finds a way to evvylute out of hiz munny trycks and dispozishun.

Mistur Editur I beleve az you do on this pint, and so I will shake hands with you, and prommis to put my sholder to the whele along with youn, to help role the kar of progress rite forard.

Yourn to kommand,

RALF TODD.

AN EXAMPLE FOR COMMUNITY LEADERS.

NOT BY THE EDITOR.

THE withdrawal of J. H. NOYES from the leadership of the Oneida Community at the age of sixty-five, while yet in the full vigor of manhood, is an event not easily explained except on the two-fold supposition, that he has entire confidence that the Community will continue its career of peace and prosperity independently of his personal leading, and that he considers his function as editor of a journal devoted to the general cause of Socialism more important than the management of any local Community. However this may be, it marks an important era in the history of the Community which has so long had the advantage of his superintendence, and will be so regarded by people generally. His resignation takes effect at a time when the Community is in great internal harmony and free from external persecution.

It may be noted in this connection, that Mr. NOYES is the first among Community founders to set the example of voluntarily resigning his office. George Rapp, the founder of Harmony and Economy, lived until he was four-score and ten, and held his position until his death, and so did his immediate successor, Mr. Baker. The present Rappite leaders, Henrici and Lenz, are both over seventy, and still personally superintend the affairs of the Community. Joseph Baümler held the position of temporal and spiritual leader of the Separatist Community at Zoar, Ohio, which he founded, until his death, at the age of seventy-five. Their present leader, Mr. Ackermann, though past his three-score and ten, is still their main business man and their religious teacher; but as he shares his business responsibilities with a central committee, chosen by the members, his position is less burdensome than it might otherwise be. Dr. Keil, the founder and President of the Aurora and Bethel Communities, is now sixty-six years old, and in active superintendence of Aurora, the larger of the two Communities, and governs Bethel through a deputy appointed by himself. Christian Metz presided over the Amana Community until his death at an advanced age in 1867. Barbara Heynemann, their present spiritual leader, is over eighty. The Shaker leaders remain in office until removed by death or disqualified by the infirmities of age. The greater number of their present elders are over seventy years old.

We have no disposition to criticise the founders and leaders of these different Communities for their long continuance in office. Perhaps they have in this respect acted wisely and for the best interests of all concerned. But we think all will agree that the highest success will be achieved by those leaders who are able to put the Communities which they have founded and guided for many years into other hands, with an assurance of continued harmony and prosperity, while they devote their remaining years to the broader interests of general Socialism.

THEORY OF BUSINESS.

IN my weekly journeyings to and from the city by the New York and New Haven railroad, I observe a man in the cars whose business is to sell pop-corn. This man's manner is that of one who considers himself as fulfilling an important duty; and he does it with a sense of dignity and disinterested attention to the public interest, such as might characterize the President of the United States, or one engaged in the mightiest affairs of mankind. He is modest in his work, but systematic. He goes through the cars presenting the pop-corn samples at one end of his basket and handing out the packages as they are sold from the other; every thing about him being organized in an orderly manner. His only words

are, "Pop-corn! ladies; Pop-corn! gentlemen;" and after selling a package, while his customer is fumbling for the five cents' remuneration, he stands with an air of dignified indifference to the money, not looking at the buyer, but casting around for further proceedings. He makes his change with perfect grace, and passes on. I think this man is possessed by the spirit of his function. His air is not that of a selfish person nor a beggar, but of one who is doing his duty and making a good thing of it. If you are at first amused by his impressively earnest style, on studying him further you find in him a model man of business. If I understand his character, this pop-corn man has, in appearance at least, that which I would have in reality—a true idea of the dignity of his calling as a public servant.

Any legitimate and useful business whatsoever may be viewed in two ways. It may be considered as something whose end is the private interest of the person engaged in it, or it may be viewed as a public function, supplying that which is useful and desirable to the great whole. This is true of all the grades of business, from that of the man who sells pea-nuts or pop-corn in the streets to that of the merchant who sells millions of dollars worth of merchandise in a marble store. One view of the occupation of either may be, that it is his method of getting a living, or building up his private fortune; but another and better view is, that each is an agent, in his way, for furnishing comfort and nutriment to mankind.

Business having these two opposite aspects or relations, according to the manner in which it is considered, the question arises, Which is the true one? I understand that the theory of public service is the true one. The man who sells pea-nuts—if that is the business to which he is called, and he performs it correctly and conscientiously—is a public servant, and his business is a benevolent institution as truly as that of the Bible Society. He is like a little nerve or gland or duct in the human body, and performs a necessary function in the system of social life. If he is intelligent enough to take this view, he may assume to be, in the performance of his service, thoroughly unselfish and patriotic. What is true of the small dealers is also true of the great ones, considered as engines of God for the distribution of good things. The business of such a man as A. T. Stewart of New York is more useful as a public benefaction than the New York Hospital, because it is distributing goods and necessities to the great living and working world, while the hospital only picks up and gives relief to the odds and ends of humanity. Viewed in this aspect, business is not selfish; and if it is made so, it is because the worker in it loses sight of its true significance, or follows it for private ends. All that is necessary to have a good conscience in any useful occupation, is to take the full conception of it as a thing of use to God's family. Make sure that he has called you to it, and that you carry it on correctly, and you have a right to consider yourself engaged in a work of benevolence, dignity and beauty.—*Home Talk by J. H. N., 1866.*

FIRE CRACKERS AND THE FOURTH.

THE movement to abolish our dangerous old custom of celebrating the Fourth of July by a general firing of Chinese-crackers, torpedoes, toy cannons, anvils, real cannons, and every other device capable of holding burning gunpowder, is being more vigorously agitated this year than ever before. The Insurance Companies are beginning to lend their influence to the movement. It is a cause of astonishment that they did not object to the gunpowder custom years ago, since it is found that, owing to the immense amount of property annually destroyed by the fires started in these celebrations, each fire-cracker imported into the country costs, on an average, one hundred dollars! Last year the municipal governments of Brooklyn and some other cities passed laws prohibiting all future sale of fire-crackers within their limits. It is probable that this semi-barbarous manner of celebrating our independence by means of gunpowder will shortly disappear. Meanwhile the papers are considering in a cheerful way what other means of celebrating the Fourth are available. Some propose to have the whole matter of fire-works put into the hands of discreet committees for every ward or district, all private displays being forbidden. Excursions, banners, cocked hats, rural dinners, illuminations in the evening, and other gentle and safe entertainments are advocated. We hope this move will prosper. It is a good thing for people to have a holiday and celebrate, but it will take some time for all classes to learn how to enjoy themselves thoroughly without being rowdyish or destructive. The newspapers can do a good deal to educate people in this direction.

AURORAL WAR.

MONDAY evening of this week was noteworthy for a grand auroral display. All the northern heavens, and far round to the south-east and south-west, were alight with the weird, tremulous, swift-darting, mysterious flames. Far overhead, a little south of the zenith, and near the bright star Arcturus, was the focus toward which all motion tended—a grand center of attack on which all the flaming battalions rushed. Up from the gleaming north-east and north-west, where seemed to be the right and left wings of the auroral army, the mighty columns would rush along the sky-arches, to meet and mingle, reorganize and vanish, amid the dim heights where Boötes, the herdsman of the stars, holds his dogs in leash. Serenely, far on the night Arcturus "held the fort," shining with all his ruddy strength on the tumultuous conflict of bannered hosts beneath. Then came forth Jupiter and the fair-faced Moon from the south-east and commanded peace on all the warring skies.

A CHEERFUL FAITH.

[The *Orange Journal* says: A memoir of the late W. S. Robinson—a journalist of New England, widely known by his *nom de plume* of "Warrington," has been lately published by his wife. Mr. Robinson was a caustic writer, a member of no church, and generally supposed to be very radical in his religious opinions. The following account of his last days is of striking interest:]

"A few weeks before his death, he sat one day, as was his wont, before his open fire, in a meditative posture, with his hands at rest. His wife spoke to him, and he looked up with the bright smile so well remembered by all who knew him, and said: 'It is curious how the belief in the immortality of the soul grows upon you. As I have been sitting here day after day it has come to me; and I am sure of it—as sure of it, and of living again, as I am that I am here—more sure; for I don't know half the time whether I am here in the body or not. It is just like going into another room, into that room' (pointing to the open parlor-door near him). 'Why, this world and the next are joined as closely as my two hands,' opening them and placing them together, one above the other, with palms reversed: 'there they are, no break, no break between, no gulf to pass. I feel every day like one who walks by a hedge, and is looking for a gate, a gap to go through, to walk on the other side.' After that, the subject was one of common talk, and was spoken of in the midst of every-day affairs. Frequently when he was spoken to he would look up, smile, and place his hands as I have described, saying only, 'No break, no break.' God was very good to him. He had tried to lead the people to truth and right in this life: was it not given him in some part, to lead them still farther—to a belief in the life beyond, toward the great Center of Truth and Right itself?

"Before this inner growth, this revelation, came to him, he was troubled at the thought of leaving life, and those who had depended upon him; but in the near vision of the future he became reconciled. Like an overloaded ship, he was trying to make port through a heavy and troublesome sea. One by one the burdens, the cares, the ambitions of life were dropped overboard. The last heavy thought—regret that the companions of his life, who had borne with him the heat of the struggle, and had enjoyed so few of its triumphs, must now be left to begin it all over again—at last followed the rest. The ship was lightened, and now with him

"The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

"The pen that had been said to drop gall and wormwood was now filled with the 'oil of gladness,' and spoke only words of loving reminiscences of old friends. The wonderful contrast between the gentleness and sweetness of his nature and the acerbity of his pen was no longer visible. He could not even bear to hear those who had injured him criticised or spoken of unkindly. He was like a little child, at peace with all men. As the veil of flesh grew thin, he became, as he said, a *seer*; for he saw visions, and dreamed dreams. 'Warrington's' chamber was full of imaginary visitants; his chair was surrounded by children and people, fair visions unseen by those with whom he talked. They were not dead friends nor any that he had ever known, not even his beloved sister nor his little son, 'the divine boy in the upper pastures.' He was always awake when he beheld these visions, and could see them the same whether his eyes were shut or open. They were so common that they were mentioned freely, as the advent of other guests would be. Often he said to friends present only this: 'They're thick to-day. They're thick to-day.' On going to bed he would say, 'I shall see ghosts to night.' But he was not afraid, for, like Coleridge, 'he had seen too many of them.'

"One of his most singular visions was in the night, a few weeks before he died, which impressed him so deeply, that he woke his wife to write it down before he forgot it. While lying in his bed awake, the most beautiful colored drapery began to form around his room, and to droop down from the ceiling over his head, in the midst of which was a calm, grand face. He got out of bed to "explore," and went all round his room, past the three windows, and moved the drapery from side to side as he passed; this phenomenon was frequently repeated, always with the same appearance of

reality. He was not under the influence of medicine, for he took none. He did not accept the theory of so-called Spiritualism, and was not deluded or deceived by the mystery of those singular visions, but philosophically analyzed, and logically explained the phenomenon. He said that, as the veil of flesh grew thin, the mental eye became accustomed to a nearer vision of the future, and could see clearly those inhabitants of the atmosphere invisible to a more earthly sight. To those accepting the theory of heavenly visitants, it may seem strange that no deceased member of his family, and no old friend, should have come to him; but to himself this was no mystery. 'On the other side of the hedge, as here,' said he, 'in the scenes of their progressive life, friends may be widely scattered from one another and from us.'

SCIENTIFIC MARRIAGES.

THE question whether the human race is deteriorating or improving will continue for some time to divide thinkers and observers into optimists and pessimists. If it is actually improving, it is doing so in spite of human ignorance and without conscious efforts on the part of the individual or of society. It is well known that vast strides in development have been made in quite recent years in the cultivation of vegetable and animal life. New and improved varieties of many species of vegetables abound in our markets, and the breeding of horses, cattle, pigs, dogs and pigeons has become a science.

Still, the improvement of the human species, the most important subject in the domain of physical science, is almost wholly neglected by the average civilized man, and human beings continue to wed and breed without the slightest reference to individual peculiarities, temperaments or constitutional vitality. It is said that the delicacy of the subject has forbidden a more thorough study and exposition of the qualities required to produce healthy and normally minded descendants. This false sense of delicacy has been the cause of untold suffering to humanity and is one of the most nonsensical traits of the average man.

The right of human beings to a healthy constitution, mentally and physically, has been overcome by a squeamish sense of modesty, and the worst of crimes are constantly perpetrated in the name of delicacy. It is a subject, however, that mankind must face and study and solve, or else the rapid deterioration of the race into creatures whose strongest mental characteristics will be imbecility, and whose strongest bodily trait, scorbutic lethargy—is merely a question of a limited number of successive generations.

No person with ordinary perceptive power needs to go out of his own neighborhood to discover the saddest results of marriages contracted without the slightest reference to scientific adaptability. Hereditary insanity, inebriety, epilepsy, scrofula and consumption are the most common products of recklessness and waywardness in choosing wives and husbands.—*Middletown (N. Y.) Argus.*

HOW THE CHINESE GO A-FISHING. Under the title "Fishing Extraordinary," a writer in *Chambers' Journal* describes various singular devices used in different countries for catching fish. Some portions of the narrative are calculated to put a strain upon the credulity of the reader, as, for instance, when we are informed that "the lakes and rivers of China, and especially of the north, are so abundantly stocked with fish, that in some places the men called fish-catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing them out with their hands." If any of our readers should happen to dwell in the vicinity of such fish-abounding streams, they will be pleased to learn how these fish-catchers set about their work. Here is the *modus operandi*: The man goes into the water, and proceeds, half walking, half swimming, raising his arms above his head and letting them drop, striking the surface with his hands. Meanwhile his feet are moving on the muddy bottom. Presently he stoops with a rapid dive and brings up a fish in his hand. His object in striking the surface is to frighten the fish, which, when alarmed, sink to the bottom; then the naked feet feel them in the mud, and, once felt, the practised hand secures them in a moment.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

WE are the children and the heirs of the past, with which, as with the future, we are indissolubly linked together; and he that truly has sympathy with every thing belonging to man will, with his toils for posterity, blend affection for the times that are gone by, and seek to live in the vast life of the ages. It is by thankfully recognizing these ages as a part of the great existence in which we share that history wins power to move the soul. She comes to us with tidings of that which for us still lives, of that which has become the life of our life; she embalms and preserves for us the life-blood, not of master-spirits only, but of generations of the race.

—Bancroft.

Talking about men of eminence who have been profane, Washington was mentioned, and A., said "he swore when he was mad; he swore at Lee after the battle of Monmouth." "That agrees," said F. "with Paul's doctrine of diversity of gifts; he couldn't tell a lie."

TWO MEN I KNOW.

I know a duke; well—let him pass—
I may not call his grace an ass;
Though if I did I'd do no wrong,
Save to the asses and my song.

The duke is neither wise nor good;
He gambles, drinks, scorns womanhood,
And at the age of twenty-four
Was worn and battered as three-score.

I know a waiter in Pall Mall,
Who works and waits and reasons well;
Is gentle, courteous and refined,
And has a magnet in his mind.

What is it makes his graceless grace
So like a jockey, out of place?
What makes the waiter—tell who can—
So very like a gentleman?

Perhaps their mothers! God is great!
Perhaps 'tis accident—or fate!
Perhaps because—hold not my pen!—
We can breed horses, but not men!

—English Newspaper.

DOT AND DIME;—Two characters in Ebony. Their merry Childhood, merry Companions, Queer ways, Quips, Quirks, Quarrels, Laughter, Laziness and Love Affairs, their Talk, Temper, Tricks, Tactics and Triumphs. By one who knows all about Them. Loring publisher, Boston.

A book this to kill time at a summer resort, when one would feed the brain on pretty weak diet. We don't think the world will tire itself laughing over the bickerings of these colored twins. Dime's consequential inconsequence is too shallow, and Dot's wit too pert, for immortality. However, we rather think Dot distinguished herself when she styled all human beings under a certain age, "Jist trundle-bed trash, dat's all!" To us the charm of the book is not in the sayings and doings of its "two characters in ebony," but in the descriptions incidentally given of the patriarchal simplicity and social warmth of life on this Texan Rancho. The intelligent, kind-hearted Master and Mistress of the Ingram Homestead are, on their vast estate, much like the dual head of a large Community. All the colored people call their last name after their Master's. The white and black children go to school together and teach one another. Daily evening meetings are held on the broad piazzas of the big house, for hymn-singing and Bible-reading. On holidays those in the mansion and in the cabins rejoice together, and on Christmas the stocking of every child on the place, black as well as white, is hung up before the huge Ingram fire-place. The author may be giving us an ideal picture of plantation life on the Colorado; he certainly has given us a very pretty one.

AN AGED REFORMER.

In conversation, this morning, with an octogenarian brother he related to me his experience. Pointing to a tobacco-box in a pigeon-hole over his head, he said, "For seventy-one years I chewed tobacco. For the last five years I have not taken a particle." Opening a drawer, he handed out a large can, half filled with what he called the best quality of tobacco, saying: "I left using the narcotic voluntarily. It did not injure my health. But it was a great act of self-denial. In the spirit world, I shall not be afflicted by a desire for tobacco. It is far easier to break a bad habit here than there."—F. W. Evans, in the Shaker.

DRIVING HORSES BY ELECTRICITY.

[From the Scientific American.]

The French papers describe an invention for driving horses by electricity. The coachman is to have under his seat an electro-magnetic apparatus, which he works by a little handle. One wire is carried through the rein to the bit and thence to the crupper, so that a current once set up goes the entire length of the animal along the spine. A sudden shock will, we are gravely assured, stop the most violent runaway. The creature, however strong and vicious, "is transformed into a sort of inoffensive horse of wood, with the feet firmly nailed to the ground." Curiously enough, the opposite effect may be produced by a succession of small shocks. Under the influence of these the veriest "screw" can be endowed with a vigor and fire indescribable.

Russian soldiers upon marches sing to while away the tedium, and the solos, always in a minor key, and monotonous, are varied by very lively bursts in the chorous. The solo singer often improvises, and is usually accompanied by a man with a fiddle, a triangle, a clarionette, or by one who whistles. The ordinary uniform of the infantry consists of a kepi, a tunic, and pantaloons of a dark green cloth, the latter garment being inserted in the boots. The gray overcoat is carried in a roll at the back, from the right shoulder

to the left hip. Two cartridge boxes are attached to the leather belt in front. A canvas haversack hangs at the right behind the bayonet, and the knapsack covers the back. —N. Y. Sun.

TENDER CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—A certain deacon living in the town of Fairfield, Vt., was in the habit of riding to church every Sabbath morning. His beast was difficult to catch, and the good deacon's breath and patience were generally well exhausted before he was prepared to commence his Sabbath-day's journey. One Sunday morning he caught the old mare asleep, and succeeded in bridling her before she could "take to her heels." The deacon might have felt a little elated at first over his capture by surprise; but before he reached the house his conscience smote him, and he concluded he had not done exactly right in taking advantage of the old mare while asleep; and, to ease his conscience, he turned her loose again, and ran all the forenoon to catch her!

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HOME.

Baltimore is going to build a ship.
South Carolina didn't quite repudiate.
Business before politics. That is the true Northern idea.
W. H. C. Hosmer, the poet, died at Avon, N. Y., May 23d.
Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, has vetoed the Local Option bill.
The base-ball goes up. "The elephant goes round and the band begins to play."

The fugitive slave Sims has at last got a little office under Attorney-General Devens.

If you want to know all about the war in Armenia wait and read about it in the *cyclopaedia*.

A little Frenchman in Albany was charged with bigamy and it was found that he was guilty of tetragamy too.

Dr. Tyng, Sr., is set down for half a million dollars gained by economy, authorship, and good investments.

The United States are going to be neutral, but they don't think it is necessary to say any thing about it yet awhile.

The Californians have reason to feel well over their discovery of petroleum. Prof. T. Sterry Hunt says so.

The New Yorkers don't know where to sit down out of doors, there are so many pestiferous tramps in all the public squares.

You can't be a consul to Holland unless you speak Dutch, nor to any other country unless you can speak the language of its people.

The New Yorkers have gone so far as to present the plan of a music-hall and garden for Theodore Thomas. The building will cost \$500,000.

The Universalists in New York city are trying one of their ministers, and he doesn't behave a bit better than if he was one of the unregenerates.

Mr. Tilden says he isn't going to ask Mr. Hayes, "By what authority are you President?" It would make the whole country sconnor if he did.

Governor Charles Van Zandt, out there in Yankee Rhode Island, is a descendant of one of those old Knickerbocker Wynant Van Zandts, of New York.

Richard Grant White is going to be Professor of English Literature in the College of the city of New York. He is a good weeder in the literary garden.

"Look'e here—remember you are on your honor." That is what the President will be saying to some of those folks down South if they don't behave better.

William H. Vanderbilt has gone to Europe to establish a line of Ocean steamers to run in connection with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroads.

It has been proven that we lose \$100 by fire for every dollar's worth of fire-crackers imported. Glad to hear it, for we are likely to get rid of our barbaric Fourth of July.

Somebody with the name of Wilkes has been trying to discount Shakespeare by calling him him a Royalist and Catholic. The *Catholic World* says Mr. Wilkes is altogether mistaken.

Stewart's Hotel for Women will be opened this fall. Its rooms are intended to be within the reach of the poorest woman who shows herself industrious and worthy of assistance. The dirty need not apply.

Don't feel bad because you haven't built a great Saratoga hotel. They don't generally pay until they have been sold for less than one-half of the original cost. The Clarendon Hotel is about the only one that has been successful from the beginning.

Governor Robinson, of New York, has the name of being the most vetoical chief magistrate they ever had in that State. His Republican Legislature spent all the winter and spring in framing bills, and he spent a part of that time in vetoing a good share of them.

The great cities are giving up the idea of being commercial toll-gates. Philadelphia and Baltimore have given it up. They are passing wheat and corn right along to Europe with the least possible expense and delay. New York and Chicago are coming around to the same idea.

The Mount Vernon Association seems to be in a very flourishing condition. The steamboat owners who have a contract to land passengers at Mount Vernon pay the Association twenty-five cents a head for every passenger landed. Last year the number of visitors was from 500 to 1400 a day. Some of the steamboat men are offering as high as 56 cents for the privilege of carrying visitors.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Salt Lake City, disabuses us of the idea that the Mormons are eager for a fight. They desire peace at any cost. If Brigham Young should be arrested for murder he would submit to it as he has done to arrest before, but some of his hot-headed followers might make an outbreak. There is the danger.

The Mayor of Alexandria, Va., got tired of keeping a jail full of petty offenders—it was too expensive: so he had the rogues put into a chain-gang and set to choring about city, but that wasn't much better—it kept the men from supporting their families and wasn't a pleasant sight. Then he be-thought himself of the whip, and since then he has been a dreadful parent to his little villains. He has not a single

prisoner in the chain-gang and only one man in jail waiting the action of the Court. In the ten months since the return to flogging "fifty cases of petty larceny have been disposed of at the Police Department without one dollar's expense to the corporation," thereby saving to the city a sum not less than three thousand dollars. Cheap and effective. Very few persons ever come back to get a second cut, and no man after getting his twenty lashes will ever return to get the remaining nineteen. He will leave the city first.

Now we have always said that Smith is just as good a name to distinguish a man as any other. You have only to put some brains with it, and another good name, like Sidney, or Gerrit, or Goldwin, or Adam, and its very plainness will help the compound, wonderfully. But Walter Smith, of Boston, will have to get a new gospel before he can put any color into his name. The Mayor of Boston and some other notables took one Walter Smith down to the establishment for juvenile offenders at Deer Island. Among other things Mr. Smith said to the boys, "There is another view of this matter which I take, and that is, that your crimes against society are not half so black or as numerous as society's crimes against you. The blame doesn't all belong to one side. Keep up your hearts, boys, even if you are down, for the society which can not get along without shutting up three hundred boys on an island in Boston Harbor is a bigger failure than you are; you may be down, but this boasted civilization of the nineteenth century is lower down." Is that the way to talk to 300 congenital rogues and villains? Walter Smith, you get up and explain yourself to us property-holders. It is well enough for a philosopher to consider whether the evils of society are or are not the result of its organization, but when you go to address a prison-full of young offenders, you ought to have a moral pole and poke around until you find their individual consciences. You will need all your hope after that, and a lifting power greater than that of Sampson.

FOREIGN.

Roumania has at last declared her independence.

That Parisian Exposition is one too many this year.

The Turks can point a great gun better than the Russians can.

The Sultan has got into a Softa place than he has been in for some time.

Bismarck has gone back to look at the situation. He heard a noise in France.

MacMahon and his Cabinet are fighting hornets now. We shall see who wins.

Germany finds it convenient to send a few more troops into Alsace and Lorraine.

The French are careful to say that they are not going to change their foreign policy.

The Russians have burned a town in the Dobrudscha, just to Ghiacet back to the Turks.

The Russians have sat down on the bank of the Danube to paddle their feet in the water.

British stocks went down to get out of sight of Bismarck when he stuck up his head again.

Make a girl self-supporting and she will take a great long think before she gets married to a money-bag and rheumatism.

This war is too big a job for any one of the Turks. They have had to establish a council of war to direct military operations.

Turkey has had notice that England won't let any thing blow into the Suez Canal and prevent the passage of neutral ships-of-war.

Hobart Pasha has not done any thing wonderful in the Black Sea, considering that the Russians have not much besides torpedoes there.

MacMahon and the reactionaries in France have been removing the old prefects and getting ready to manage the next Parliamentary election.

The British Ministry are going to receive Gen. Grant with all the etiquette usually observed toward ex-Sovereigns. A new and happy sign of good feeling.

Gladstone had to tussle for two hours before he could begin to speak on his anti-Turkish resolutions; then he went right on and made the greatest speech of his life.

The English railway people are having a lively discussion over the comparative merits of the different car-brakes. These contrivances are mostly of American invention.

Carlyle's letter on the war question was a good deal more than a big bass-drum. It was a real gun with a round hard shot in it, and it did some execution on the ministerial war party.

About 10,000 men have been locked out from the Clyde ship-building yards. The number is likely to be greatly increased by the discharge of men who are now completing contracts.

An obstinate lunatic who is determined to starve himself can be made to swallow food by putting it into his mouth and then letting the lightning strike him. An electrical battery will furnish all the thunder needed. French idea.

Those sons of fire and the Prophet, the Softas, have been making things hot in Constantinople. They demanded the removal of the Grand Vizier and behaved in a riotous manner generally. The city has been proclaimed in a state of siege, and the bearing of arms and the assembling of crowds have been forbidden.

The Russians have been almost entirely quiet on the Danube. The sinking of a Turkish monitor is the most important item of news for a week. In Armenia the Russians have kept at work around Batoum and Kars, but as yet with no very decisive results to report. Their army has advanced sixty miles from the latter city on the road to Erzeroum. The latest news from that region is that Mukhtar Pasha has withdrawn his headquarters to Erzeroum. This item is deemed important, as it is thought to indicate that the Russians are pressing on him and making it more difficult for him to command the roads converging on that town. The Turks have been trying to make the most of their success at Soukhoum-Kale by sending out reinforcements. We do not hear whether the rebellious Circassians have in any way obstructed the Russian lines of communication. Mukhtar Pasha has been out-generated, so far, and his recall is clamored for in Constantinople.

